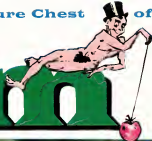


A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice

CNA

Jem

Jan/50



FICTION • HUMOR • ARTICLES

AN EDITORIAL

"Once in the heavens there glitter'd
Join'd in fond union,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And around them the stars all cluster'd,
Their little, innocent children.
But evil tongues then whisper'd disunion,
And they parted in anger,
That glorious, radiant pair.
Now in the daytime in splendor all lonely,
Wanders the Sun-god in realms on high . . .
But in the night-time,
In heaven wanders LUNA . . .
Evil and backbiting tongues
Thus brought about grief and destruction
E'en 'mongst the godheads immortal."

Heinrich Heine



JEM DANDY

Invites you to join him on a guided tour through some of the most fascinating literature and works of art you have ever encountered. You will hear the amazing story of Herman the Stud, learn why it is necessary to horsewhip your wife and how to make a fine art of being unfaithful. You will also find the true story of a fascinating transaction involving a poor Frenchman, his wife and a wealthy friend and become most intimately acquainted with Mr. Dandy's newest collection of the world's prize beauties. Step right this way . . . but, as for you, Mr. Dandy—Down, boy! Down!



JANUARY 1957 • VOL. 1, NO. 2

jem

A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice

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DIAMOND DUST

Inspired by the best-selling book *The Exurbanites*—which, incidentally, was written by A. C. Spector, a big wheel of another pretty good magazine of the JEM type—one of our bright young executives recently decided to buy a house in the country. Mr. Spector's book, in case you haven't read it, deals with the trials and tribulations of those living in the plush fringe of countryside surrounding New York City, whom he calls *Exurbanites*. From our personal knowledge of the goings-on among the upper bracket commuters to the big city, we think they might more aptly be called *Sexurbanites*, but that's a point we will not argue with Mr. Spector.

Anyway, our bright young executive drove far and wide seeking the country place of his dreams. One day he was accompanied by another bright young executive—this one from Hollywood. They came to a big, rambling old house on a hill that a real estate agent had told them was for sale. As the two B.Y.E.s gazed out over a beautiful valley from the porch of the old house, the Hollywood lad made a characteristic remark.

"Isn't this view colossal?" he whispered in awe. "Can you imagine what God could have done if he'd had money?" (Continued on page 56)



Water Baby **DIANA WEBBER** SAYS:

*"I AM COMING ASHORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF JEM, WITH A COMPLETE SET OF
BRAND NEW AND BEAUTIFUL PICTURES. SEE YOU ON THE BEACH NEXT MONTH."*



BY SUMNER AHLBUM

*The little guy was good—he was so good
he laid all Hollywood on it's collective ear.
But—he was modest, too.
And therein lies the tail of...*

HERMAN,



THE STUD

When I first knew him about five years ago his name was Joe Litzgow. I was out there writing lies to enhance the public reputation of minor kept ladies who were happy in their delusion that mistress is a synonym for actress, and Joe was a flunky for one of the higher-paid producers.

Joe was just learning then. He still smoked cigarettes and he wore neckties and took off his dark glasses indoors. And he had no billing. I don't mean professionally. He was a pretty fair workman. But he had no billing along the powder-room-and-men's-bar-grapevine, which has nothing to do with what a man can do at the studio, but in the anthropology of the colony is what really separates the colts from the stallions.

I ran into Joe around and about those days, always at a back-water bar and on the outer reefs of the party-party islands, and since nobody paid much attention to me, either, he was all right to sit around with for a drink or two. He asked a lot of questions which had nothing to do with making pictures, and he was a good listener because I didn't think anybody out there would have been surprised at my answers except Joe.

At first you never saw him with anybody. Then every

now and then I began running into him at off-beat places in a serious huddle with a pigeon-chested little character who didn't look as if he could find his way into a free preview if it were being screened in his own living room. Naturally I began to do a little wondering, but the rest of the colony wasn't paying any attention, and Joe was playing it as craftily as Jack Benny reaching for a check.

I forced an invitation one day in a quiet saloon across the mythical border in L. A., and Joe told me the little fellow's name was Herman. That's all. Just Herman.

"He's working with me on some new techniques," Joe said. Herman mumbled an acknowledgement. He seemed like a nice enough character, but a little hard to distinguish from the wallpaper, and I couldn't decode him.

I was puzzled, but not enough to pry any further because just about that time I was one jump ahead of the celluloid ulcers and I decided to flee eastward. Just before I left, though, I noticed another change in Joe. He was blossoming out. He was beginning to look like a producer. He was mugging for center stage at places like the Derby and Chasen's. And he had a couple of dolls on his arms—nothing much more than the same breed of couch hopping hopefuls I'd

(Continued on page 52)



There aren't many girls who can hold a candle to Janice Shea, the Philadelphia singer.

Janice believes a candle is a girl's best friend when it comes to posing pretty like. It's soft light enhances feminine beauty and . . .



THE CANDLE KID

It's slender lines suggest grace and symmetry, which is Janice Shea all over.

no choice

There was this bar right in my path and the sign said, "Healthfully Air Conditioned." I didn't need radar to tell me where to direct my well-heated fanny. The weather was hot, man.

It was a higher type of low-class joint, that bar. You know, imitation leather seats, indirect fluorescent lighting, plenty of chrome—expensive looking until you looked real close. Also, there was the ever-so-slight pungent perfume from the overflowed toilets in and back where two crude signs said His and Hers.

I sat at the bar for a long time, cursing to myself because I couldn't get drunk on what came out of the Canadian Club bottle. Just as I was about to complain to the handsome barkeep about it, he raised a hand to indicate he wasn't interested in what I had to say. His mouth dropped, his eyebrows raised and he blinked. I turned to look toward the door.

She was blonde, petite, well-dressed and had a walk that would have got her in jail in some countries. She eyed me, expressionless, long enough for an atom bomb to drop onto its target. What she didn't know was that I wasn't going to be her target for the night. I just wasn't in the mood. Maybe there was something in that bottle besides Canadian Club. Or maybe I like a little struggle in my conquests. Anyway, my obvious

keep-the-hell-away attitude didn't stop her from coming over and sitting on the next-to-the-next stool. The Look went over me—down all the way to the toes, and up again. Her eyes went suddenly flat and I knew what was coming.

It didn't come for almost a half hour. The handsome barkeep tried to keep his face averted, not sure of what I intended to do, and maybe a little nervous about the outcome. Meanwhile the girl waited for me to buy her a drink. I didn't.

So she offered to buy me one. Just like that. Brazen—I Hell, man. "The world isn't coming to an end," she said softly, "—cheer up." When she signalled the barman to fill my glass, I put my hand over it. I thought, I'll scare the panties right off you, doll—and I said, "Tell me, what can I buy for a tin?"

I thought she was going to burst into tears, and for a minute or two I regretted being such a creep. "No," she said in a tight little voice, then leaned toward me. The barman went to the other end of his mahogany kingdom. "I know about you," she half-whispered, "I've known for a long time. I just didn't have the guts to introduce myself. You—" she looked up at me, a deep understanding look that made all sorts of things happen in the region of my pelvis, "you don't have to pay me a thing." (Continued on page 52)



BY CARLTON MILLER

It's true, men—if she's
two-timing you, or nags too
much, take heart:

you have to horsewhip your wife!

BY TOM (Ten-Lash) AUGUSTA

"If you catch your wife shacking, I say give her a shellacking!" These words are the pronouncement of a most remarkable man, Justice Shamus Montvale Xavier O'Leary of the Illinois Circuit Court, and they were uttered not in a bar-room but from the eminence of the judge's bench. Although an Irish twinkle may have accompanied the august decision, it was the strictly legal *finis* of a much-touted court case.

It all started when a 26-year old blonde swore out a warrant against her husband for beating her across the rump with an ivory-handled whip. She said hubby whacked her simply because she excelled him as a horse comber. Hubby had a somewhat different version. *He* said he whipped her fanny after it had been given freely to the manager of a riding stable. In a hotel room, yet.

"What," asked Justice O'Leary, "is a horse comber?"

"A horse comber," replied the gal's attorney, "is a person who takes a comb and combs a horse with it."

That, the judge said sagely, made sense. But there was no sense at all in the blonde's claim that her husband had no legal right to whip her rear. Here's what the Honorable Shamus said from the bench.

"Under the law, cruelty must consist of violence great

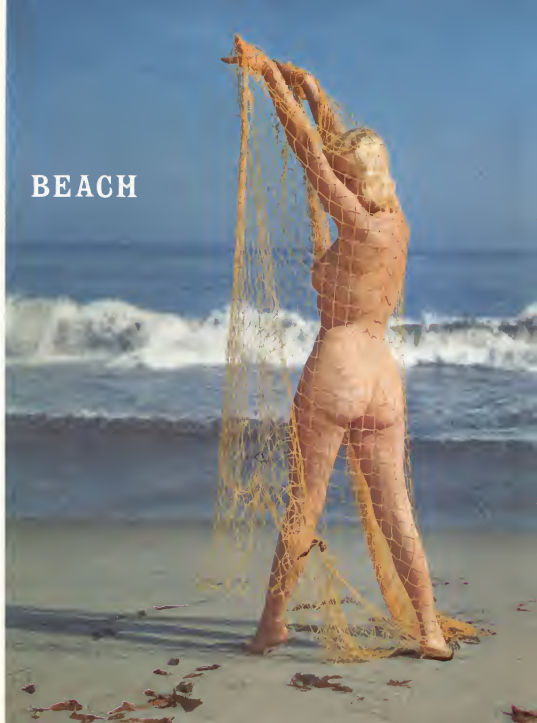
(Continued on page 54)





PEACH ON THE BEACH

*What makes the waves wild?
Dishes like Alisa Davis
who is quite a Danish pastry.
This Copenhagen cutie is
right up to snuff on the beach
and the net result is beautiful*



*Alisa came to this country
three years ago and immediately got
off to a flying start as a model.*

*She is twenty-two, five feet,
four and honey blonde. Smorgasbord!*



*This is strictly
for men who go down
to the she in
ships. Sailor
beware!
Danger Ahead!
Thar she blows!
And shipshape.*

JEM OF THE MONTH

*Betty Brosmer has more titles than
Ranier of Monaco. Now she gets her biggest*





BETTY BROSMER has won just about every title a girl can win without becoming a lady rasser. She has been elected Miss Television, Miss Perfect Figure, Summer Queen, Venus de Milo, Miss Hour Glass, Miss Sweater Girl, Miss Pinup Queen, Miss Leg Art, Miss Waist and Hips, Miss Blue Eyes and has won six other titles through pictures. Now she has become the First Miss Jen of the Month, and we understand she's pretty pleased by her newest honor.

To keep from having to answer the mail from art lovers who will write in, let it be said that Betty is 19, lives in Hollywood, likes baseball and boxing, paints well and has a collection of more than 1,000 Hi-Fi records of modern jazz, mambo and classical selections. She doesn't smoke or drink, but eats like a horse, although much more daintily. She is a good cook, fellas, and designs her own bathing suits, which is pretty easy because on her any old rag would look good.



A JEWEL FROM THE JEM BOX

Alice Denham



you don't say



- Sin is misdirected energy—Hubbard.
- Sin writes histories; goodness is silent—Goethe.
- Other men's sins are before our eyes; our own are behind our backs—Seneca.
- Time, which strengthens friendship, weakens love—La Bruyère.
- Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of adornment, but is when unadorned, adorned the most—Thomson.
- We must not contradict, but instruct him that contradicts us: for a madman is not cured by another running mad also—Antisthenes.
- The less men think, the more they talk—Montesquieu.
- Much tongue and much judgement seldom go together—l'Estrange.
- It is much easier to be critical than correct—Beaconsfield.
- A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating one—Bovee.
- The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie—La Rochefoucauld.
- An evil-speaker differs only from an evil-doer in the want of opportunity—Quintilian.
- Liars are verbal forgers—Chatfield.
- It requires an effort on the part of an habitual liar to speak the truth—Hazlitt.
- The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none in one's self—Carlyle.
- To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows want of honesty—Warwick.
- Teach not thy lip such acorn; for it was made for kissing, lady, not for such contempt!—Shakespeare.
- Love comes unseen—we only see it go—Dobson.
- A man is an animal that writes—Homer.
- Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage least concerns other people; yet, of all his actions, it is the most meddled with by other people—Selden.
- They that marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry—Fuller.
- There are six requisites in every happy marriage. The first is Faith, and the remaining five are Confidence—Hubbard.
- Marry by all means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy; if you get a bad one you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man!—Socrates.
- Passions do not die out: they burn out—de Lenclos.
- All passion exaggerates: it is passion only because it does exaggerate—Chamfort.
- When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination, make a just computation between the duration of the pleasure and that of the repentance that is likely to follow it—Epictetus.
- Then go ahead and do it anyway—Jem Dandy.



7:01 Ooh! It's voodoo!



7:06 *Going to get relief...
three dead rats... spider dust*



7:15
*Got the rats...
don't wait up!*



7:20-

Being unfaithful, like petit-point or harpooning, is an art that requires great skill and much practice. One does not simply decide to be unfaithful and then proceed to do it; one must first work, study, plan and diligently practice.

Any attempt to be unfaithful without sufficient preparation is doomed to failure. Assume, for one light-hearted moment, that you are married and working at it. You've never cheated or dilly-dallied or anything. Suddenly, the blonde at the lunch counter gets very friendly and you think about it for a few days and sound her out with a few exploratory remarks and gestures and the whole thing seems like a lead-pipe cinch.

So you tell your wife at breakfast, out of the clear blue scrambled eggs, that you're terribly sorry but the boss wants you to do some extra work at the office and you'll be late. Maybe even be better if you stayed overnight at the office. And so forth.

You, my friend, have got a fat chance. You haven't—if you'll pardon the expression—laid the groundwork for your escapade. You've never worked late at the office before; chances are you've even told your wife, "If that blankety-blank boss of mine ever" (Continued on page 47)

how to succeed at

the fine art of being unfaithful

BY AN EXPERT, R. FRED ARNOLD

12:01-





the quipping post

The twelve-year-old little girl said to the eleven-year-old little girl, "My mama says I shouldn't play with you any more because I know more about life than you do and might give you wrong ideas."

"You don't know any more than I do," replied the eleven-year-old.

"Oh, yes I do."

"You don't."

"All right, if you know so much, tell me . . . who made you?" countered the older lass.

"You mean originally, or lately?" asked the eleven-year-old.

* * *

Then there's the one about the girl who went upstairs with a Swede and came down with a Fin.

* * *

The telephone rang in the poultry packing house down south and a female voice asked, "Kin Ah speak to mah boy friend, Sam?"

"What's his last name?" asked the foreman who had answered the phone.

"Ah doan' rightly know his last name," came the answer.

"Well, this is a big place and we have a lot of Sams. It'll be hard to locate him unless we know his last name. Maybe if you could tell me what department he's in I could help you."

"Ah doan' rightly know what depahtment he's in."

"Well, let's see. Maybe we can find out what he does and that'll help us. Is he a pheasant plucker?"

"Oh, no suh," came the prompt reply, "He's a real surly fellah."

* * *

Mama was giving her daughter advice on the eve of her marriage. "Daughter," she told her, "if you wish to maintain the dignity of your marriage and the respect of your husband, never appear before him completely disrobed."

The girl thanked mama. After she had been married, most happily, too, for a few weeks, her husband said to her one night: "Say, has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

"I don't understand," said the almost new bride.

(Continued on page 57)





GABOR

THE

MERRIER





*Until the Gabors
came to these shores
paprika was the spiciest
importation from Hungary
and goulash the most
mysterious*





The Gabors' background is as uncertain as the ingredients of a restaurant goulash — a thousand different versions have been given — and Zsa Zsa Gabor, shown here, is spicier than any paprika





*It could only happen in Paris—
and it could only end one way—because
in Paris you must give, not lend,
such a precious thing as love...*

red-hot collateral

BY CARLTON MILLER

You have heard men say jokingly of their wives, "If I could I'd trade her in for a new model." Or, "I'd like to hock her for the price of a good call girl." Or maybe they weren't joking.

In Paris, a couple of decades ago, a man did pawn his wife. The whole thing sounds like something out of Guy de Maupassant, but it is an actual matter of court record; the three principals, Louis Chalfoux, his wife Evelyn, and Guy Sevigne, were very real.

The financial troubles that Louis Chalfoux had got himself into were very real too. So real that he desperately needed \$20,000—fast. The poor man wrecked his brain but could think of no one who might lend him such an amount, in view of the shaky nature of his financial condition. Unless—Maybe Guy Sevigne! Sevigne, a prominent financier, and Louis had been in the same outfit during the war; it was their only basis for acquaintance. Yet perhaps Sevigne might not let an old war buddy down. Louis, with small hope, called upon the rich man.

Sevigne listened politely to Louis' troubles. Then he spoke up. "I should like to help you, my friend, but—" he shrugged, "—in the matter of loans there is a little thing called collateral. What could you put up?"

Louis exclaimed bitterly, "That's the trouble. My condition is such that I can offer nothing for security. The only thing of value I have left is my wife." He rose to depart, slowly picking up his hat and cane, his eyes downcast. Thus he did not see the spark of interest that lighted the shrewd eyes of Monsieur Sevigne, nor the wry grin that crossed the handsome features.

"Your wife?" Sevigne's question was soft spoken.

(Continued on page 49)



Today, as never before, woman is man's bosom companion. But the war between the sexes is not being fought on a new front. 'Twas ever thus.

BY FRANK THISTLE

BIG BOSOM



BOOM



"This country's going to bust!"
say the Reds. The proof, left to right,
Diane Webber, Jane Russell,
Lilly Christine and Robin Roberts.

Frank Thistle

IT has been firmly established that mankind falls into two categories in its appreciation of womankind—those who delight in the derriere and those who glorify the gorge. Or, to put it less exaltedly: You're either a lass man or a tilt man. (Editor's note—To safeguard our mailing privileges, we have purposely misspelled two words.)

The worshippers of the female rear are in the minority and always have been—except for one short unnatural period in history. In the privacy of the conjugal bondar it is no doubt a different story, but of those anatomical appendages that may be bared to the public gaze, the female breasts stand out ahead of all others. The Bosom has, indeed, reached such proportions as to become a national fetish. As topics of polite conversation, the mammary glands now rival such red hot subjects as the rise of the Cincinnati Redlegs and sports cars, and the fell of the Giants and pegged trousers.

If you're too shy to talk about the newly popular front, you can't help but read about it. Jiggling mountains of newspaper and magazine ads must be surmounted by the heavy-breasting male on his way to the sports page, no matter how depleted the poor

club may be from last night's orgiastics. He can't escape into the quiet darkness of a movie house, either—for in just about every film ground out, these days, it seems that our young—and not-so-young—actresses are more concerned with their décolletage lines than their speaking lines. And so is the audience.

How did the current big bosom craze get started, anyway?

Undoubtedly much of the credit—or criticism—for making the nation excessively bosom conscious can go to a tall youngish Texan by the name of Howard Hughes, one of the ruggedest, and richest, individualists on the U. S. Gold Coast. Back in 1939, the eccentric bachelor decided to make a movie glorifying the life of Billy the Kid. As it turned out, Billy's big guns became virtually soundless compared to the noise created by the bigger weapons of the female lead in the picture. Because, in his search for another Jean Harlow, Hughes had come across a chiropractor's receptionist named Jane Russell. The Juno-esque proportions of this would-be young actress filled both bill and bra. She started working for \$75.00 a week.

Hughes at once set into motion an all-out publicity campaign that made Jane (Continued on page 58)

A JEWEL FROM THE JEM BOX
CORINE CALVET



NIGHT CLUB NATURE GIRL

*"She walks in beauty like the
night of cloudless climes and starry
skies; and all that's
best of dark and bright meet in her . . .*

ALICE PEARSON by vocation is a cigarette girl in the night club of one of the finest and swankiest hotels in the country. By avocation she is a nature girl, never missing a chance to get into the great out of doors to let her hair down. Of course, that's one way to learn first-hand about the birds and the bees, but that isn't the reason Alice takes to the woods and meadows every chance she gets. She feels that all beauty and serenity springs from nature and that a girl can become more handsome and poised by getting close to the source of supply. You might almost say that going for a romp in the open is second nature to the lady. But wouldn't it be terrible if she got so wrapped up in it she decided to become a hermit?





*"... aspect and her eyes;
thus mellowed to that tender light
which heaven to gaudy day
denies." Thus spake the great
lover and poet,
George Gordon Noel Byron, sixth
Baron, better known as the
romantic Lord Byron, the libertine.*





*For a man he must go with a woman, which women don't understand—
Or the sort that say they can see it they aren't the marrying brand.*

(The "Mary Gloster". Kipling.)

AROUND THE WORLD'S BROTHELS,

*with a guide who has seen them all—
It says here...*

BY AL MAYER

Along with everything else, the cost of love for cash has gone up. Jelke and his ilk have seen to that. They raised the ante so high, the middle man, as usual, is again the fall guy. Reformers, goody-goodies and ladies and gentlemen fond of basking in the limelight of publicity for their efforts, have only succeeded in making the lot of prostitutes harder, and that of the procurer, pimp and pander, easier and more profitable. When Uncle Sam, recently, put the bite for Federal Taxes, to the tune of ten thousand dollars, on just one "lady," clearly shows virtue for sale has risen far above all other commodities.

Before Lucky Luciano was tried and deported for traffic in women, he lived in a sumptuous pent-house and it isn't on record he is now in need of the necessities of life in his native Italy. And so it goes on.

Prostitution and hypocrisy walk hand in hand. They are so closely

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MARTIN

allied you cannot very well speak of one without the other. The semi tolerance of brothels doing business in New York was hypocritical because it was not an open city with recognized red light districts, as they were called, like Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans. As a result houses of ill fame were scattered all over the city. While, this is not intended to favor the system as it existed, nevertheless rapes, attacks on women in their homes and other bestial assaults, were rare then compared to what is going on today. Sure, the automobile may be responsible for the increase, but the entire responsibility cannot be laid at its door. The horizontal "profession," however, has a long and "lawdy" history. Sometimes it has been "synonymous" with a town—sometimes a person.

San Francisco prior to the earthquake was not only America's gayest city, but also its most hospitable. (Continued on page 50)





**Jem
Dandy**

Introduces Iris Bristol.

*"Do you," he asks, think
you could be Bristol
bored?" That will do,
Mr. Dandy.*



Do you have a problem involving love—yours or somebody else's?

Would you like expert help in the matter? If so, put it all in a letter—

and mail it to some other magazine, or maybe

Emily Post!

We have all the damn letters we need. . . .

BY DON WAN



advice to the loveworn

It is surprising how many people have the same love problem. It's either a boy who's having trouble with a girl, or a girl having trouble with a boy. I rarely hear from anybody else.

So perhaps it would be advisable to study some of the more common pitfalls of true romance. Take, for example, these two pitiful letters:

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm madly in love with a girl named Phlebitis. She keeps stalling me, telling me she's waiting for a chap she calls Dream Boat. How can I get her to name the day?

Signed, Angel Ears.

Dear Mr. Wan:

My girl friend, a delightful chick named Phlebitis, is two-timing me. At least I think she is. Keeps muttering stuff about "Angel Ears" in her sleep. What should I do?

Signed, Dream Boat.

About the only thing you two men, or any other man caught in the trap of a two-timing female, can do is take up with another girl. Two-timing gets to be real fun when a triangle is doing it; becomes six-timing or, when you count all the radii, eighteen-timing. Eighteen-timing is pretty heady stuff.

Another common complaint is that illustrated by this letter:

Dear Mr. Wan:

I have a boy friend whose knees knock every time we kiss. Otherwise he's perfectly

normal. But whenever we smack, he rattles. Smack, rattle, smack, rattle. It sounds like a rock-and-roll band rehearsing. Is there anything you'd suggest?

Signed, Square Sally.

Yours is, as I've said above, a common complaint. Many young men are frightened of girls, even though they put on a bold front. (And there are a lot of girls, incidentally, who have bold fronts, too.) There's a quick and easy way to cure this condition. Simply get a tape recorder and hide it under the porch steps the next time you go out. When you come home, and that silly smack, rattle, smack, rattle business starts, switch on the tape recorder. Afterwards, you can issue it as an Elvis Presley record and make so much money you can both afford to give each other up.

There is a third problem that keeps coming up in my mail, day after weary day. Perhaps if I answer it once and for all, it can be forgotten. This letter, which came to me in a tear-spattered envelope scented heliotrope, is typical:

Dear Mr. Wan:

What'll I do?

Signed, Alas.

The answer is simple. Go have yourself a good time. Have yourself, as they say, a ball. Or two. Throw caution to the winds, leave your silly middle-class conventions behind, forget about tomorrow. Live for today. Live for tonight. Live for this afternoon between three and four. What matter whether thou goest, as long as thou goest good?

Just be careful you don't give your right name.

And now, as is our monthly custom, to some of the more peculiar problems:

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm in the midst of a complicated situation. You see I'm married. My wife is a couple of years older than me. As a matter of fact, she's 48 and I'm 23. She has a daughter, by her fourth husband, who is 18 and a knockout. Kid by the name of Phlebitis. She sort of intrigues me. Well, one thing led to another

around the house, and the first thing I knew, Phlebitis is having a baby. I'm the kid's father and step-grandfather at one and the same time. We told my wife that the stork brought the baby and she swallowed that because she said she'd had some dealings with the stork herself. So that's no problem. But what I'm wondering about is this—how should I take care of the kid in my will?

Signed, Careful.

Dear Careful:

You do have a problem. And I can read between the lines and see why you're thinking in terms of a will. If I were you, I'd avoid any strange-tasting soups. But, anyhow, to your problem. In the codicil to the third chapter, where it says about the party of the second part, just put in a little sentence beginning, "The party of the third part

has gone and had a party of the fourth part. All in all it was quite a party." Depending on whether or not the probate judge has gone to law school, the kid may stand a fighting chance to come out of the thing smelling like a rose.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Every time I want to go out at night with the boys for a nice evening of cribbage, my wife says, "Go right ahead, dear. Have a good time and don't worry about me." Is that fair?

Signed, Poker Player.

Dear Poker Player:

Your wife is practising on you an ancient Samoan art known as psychology. She figures if she lets you go without so much as a murmur, you won't go. She is canny. She is shrewd. And she probably has plenty to keep her busy while you're out. If I were you, I'd go out one night, then sneak in the back door and see what's going on.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I tried that last week, and nothing much happened. The man next door came over for a while. That's all.

Signed, Poker Player.

Dear Poker Player:

On second thought, all I can tell you is never draw out an inside straight.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

In your many years of playing fast and loose, have you noticed any important differences between blondes, brunettes and redheads?

Signed, Hair Noticer.

Dear Hair Noticer:

Yes. And this is very interesting. We will assume, for one childish moment, that the hair is naturally colored. If that is the case, you will almost always find that blondes are fairer than brunettes. Redheads are usually pretty unfair. I once knew a redhead who was so unfair she knew juju jitsu. And how unfair can you get?

Otherwise, hair coloring has little to do with the individual underneath. I think the average brunette will have slightly more temper than the blonde. But the blonde will generally have better aim. So it really doesn't matter much. After all, as Michelangelo said, "Hub?"

(more next page)



Dear Mr. Wan:

What is so rare as a day in June? Or a night in June? That's what I always thought, too, until I was sadly awakened. I was going with this girl, name of June, and it was spring. Ah, spring! We were madly. Then, out of a clear blue sky, she suddenly said she didn't love me any more. She wanted me to get out and take my toothbrush with me. That's when I got suspicious, because I don't have any teeth. Do you think I was right to take the toothbrush anyhow?

Signed, Gummy.

Dear Gummy:

A man has to take what he can get in this world. I'm sure, however, you are now wondering what earthly use you can put the toothbrush to. Well, it makes a dandy little sideburn slicker-down. Also good for brushing mustaches, if you happen to sport a mustache. But it has one odd use, which has not yet been reported in the public press. It is ideal for brushing butter sauce on frog's legs. Now that you no longer have your alliance with June, why not go out and start yourself a fancy French restaurant. You already have the toothbrush.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

My girl friend is a softball player. She's the shortstop on the Garnieri Brothers and Mattioli Hardware and Fuel Company Blue Sox. Since I've been going with her, she's been hitting .368. So she says I shouldn't change my drawers or I'll jinx her batting eye. What do you think about that?

Signed, Kinda Mouldy.

Dear Kinda Mouldy:

By all means you should stick to your soiled old drawers. After all, a man owes some loyalty to the lady of his choice. You wouldn't be much of a friend if you'd put on clean undergarments even when she's had a couple of singles and a homer. Just wait, friend. One day she'll come home after two pop-ups and a strike-out and she'll say, "If you don't change your stinking drawers, Buster, you and me have had it." That will be a happy day for you, I imagine. And I'd suggest you invest in washable nylon dainties from now on.

Only one thing you have to worry about. Just hope she doesn't close the season with the streak still going. I'd hate to think how you'd smell by next spring training.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a pretty girl of 17. As yet, I do not know much about this thing called love. But I notice the boys—and even some big grown-up men of 21—turn around to watch me as I go by. My big brother tells me I wiggle like a snake. Is that good?

Signed, Hot Lips.

Dear Hot Lips:

Wiggling like a snake is fine for snakes. But for pretty little girls of 17, it isn't right. Look at some of the big girls in the movies—girls like Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield. They don't wiggle when they walk. They walk naturally. You should learn to walk naturally, too, if you want to be a good girl. The best way to get over a wiggle is to put starch in your girdles. And if nothing helps—if your wiggle is permanent—call me. Maybe I can straighten you out in person.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm a lady of 68 summers. Only 67 winters, though, because I spent the winter of '23-'24 in Florida and it was hot there all winter. So I figure I have an extra summer coming to me. But that is not my problem. My problem is Kevin. Me and Kevin have been living together, without benefit of Holy matrimony, for 53 years. He keeps saying that one of these days we'll get married. Well, I'm getting on. I've seen 68 summers, but only 67 winters 'count of that lousy winter in Florida. Should I believe him or hit him over the head with the pump handle, like my fourth daughter said I should?

Signed, Ringless.

Dear Ringless:

Kevin is a cad. But the only trouble with hitting him over the head with the pump handle is—how're you going to get any water after that? No, my dear young lady, I suggest moderation. Talk to Kevin. Tell him that you want to be made an honest woman while you still have your teeth. Tell him you want to be able to look everybody else in the eye at your granddaughter's wedding. Tell him you want a ring for old, old times' sake. Tell him he'd better marry you or you'll go off to Florida to catch up on your summers.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

What can I do about Myrtle? She's lovely; her figure is 39-23-34. But the only trouble is the 39 is her waist and the 23 is her bust. Yet I love her passionately.

Signed, Peculiar.

Dear Peculiar:

Myrtle needs a complete overhaul. Have you had her rings changed? I think, if I were you, I'd take her in every 5000 miles and have a motor tune-up. Her dimensions would probably change then. How much do you get to the gallon?

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

My life is pure hell. I love her, but she loves another. Another loves me. On top of everything else, I have a slipped disc. And I owe my Uncle Tom \$316.23 for a loan on the milking machine. My problem is—how can I?

Signed, Woe-is-me.

Dear Woe-is-me:

It's all simple. Borrow \$316.23 on the slipped disc. Pay back your Uncle Tom. Shoot your girl friend. Marry another. Get a new milking machine. Hit your Uncle Tom over the head with the milking machine. With the money he leaves you, find yourself a fancy blonde. Strangle her. Get sent to the electric chair. Come back as Bridey Murphy. See—no problems left.

♥ ♥ ♥



THE FINE ART OF BEING UNFAITHFUL

(Continued from page 25)

asks me to do a thing extra, I'll tell him to stuff it up his filing cabinet." Now, all of a sudden, you expect her to smile and say, "That's a good loyal employee; you stay and work your arms off." Not on your hot little hands, she won't.

A wife, like a lawn mower or a deck of cards, must be broken in. She must be conditioned over the years, so that when something like a receptive blonde turns up, she's patty in your sly old hands.

The best time to begin preparing for these eventualities is during the courtship period. Explain your work to her. Tell her that you have ambition, you want to get somewhere, you don't want to be an office drudge (or a store drudge or a livery stable drudge or a factory drudge) all your life. And, as part of your laudable campaign to get somewhere, you quite frequently take on extra work in the evenings. Oh, not too much—not enough so it gets to be a nuisance. Maybe once or twice a month; just enough so you can show the boss you're in there pitching.

And then, all the rest of your married life, take that night off once in a while. Take it, even though nothing in the way of a blonde or redhead or brunette shows up. Take it, even though you just sneak around the back yard and read a book for three hours. Then, when you really need that night sometime, there are no questions asked.

Or perhaps you prefer some other story, something besides working late at the office. Maybe a sick friend—but he'd better be real sick and he'd better be producible together with a notarized report from his physician—or a sick parakeet or an uncle that needs being read to every third Thursday. Or some successful unfaithfuls use the "After you, my dear Gwendolyn" routine. This works on the premise that the wife in the case likes a night off once in a while, too. So every third Thursday you say, "Gwendolyn, you're looking a wee bit peaked. The bloom on your cheeks is getting moldy. What you need is a night away from me and the house. Why don't you go over to your mother's (or your sister's or your Aunt Mabel's) for a night? Do you a world of good." She will jump at the chance and you'll be free for the night.

But it cannot be emphasized too strongly—do this on a regular basis, and start early in life, even when you think

you'll never feel like cheating. It's just like insurance or a savings account—you may never have to use it, but it's nice to know it's there. So you prepare your alibi years before you have to use it; thus, when the time comes, your night-out excuse is ready made. It's a comforting feeling.

However, suppose you're stuck. No excuse. No habit, built over many years of painstaking trouble, of a night off once in a while. Yet here's this panting blonde

at the lunch counter. Should you just skip the whole thing?

By no means. It isn't easy and you must decide in your own mind if it's worth the trouble. If it is, here's a simplified, infallible method:

1. Develop a sudden illness. Yellow Jaundice is good, and requires merely equal parts of mustard, corn starch and mashed bananas, plus the juice of three lemons and the white of an egg. Apply liberally to face and exposed portions of the body. Or there is another variety called Orange Jaundice, with orange juice instead of lemon juice.

2. Wake up one morning with this malady. Tell your wife you are ill. But no doctor. You say, simply, "I know what this is. I got it during the war. Doctors can't do anything. It'll go away by itself in two days."

3. Stay home all day. Moan and groan regularly. Suffer.

4. Around 8 P.M. (assuming your date is for 9) suddenly sit up in bed and scream. And tell your wife you must go out and walk this off. "That's what we did during the war. Walk around for five, six hours in the night air. It's the only thing that brings relief. Night air and walking."



"He offered her mink and got a quick turnover."



Miss Peekaboo invites you to join her and Mr. Jem (March Hare) Dandy in the next issue of JEM. It will be a spring issue and will have all the joy and verve of the season. Pretty girls, good articles, pretty girls, fine fiction, pretty girls, wonderful drawings, pretty girls, and, oh, yes—pretty girls.

5. Get up, get dressed, go out. Act feverish.

6. Come home, say around midnight, all cured. (Be sure to throw the yellow-jaundiced-soaked handkerchief in the incinerator.)

7. Act a little weak the next day. This will probably come easy.

That is one quick and easy method for getting out. Another that has also been time-tested and works like a charm is the voodoo method:

1. You are eating supper with your wife. Suddenly let a cry of anguish escape from your lips and clap your hand to your breast. "I had a sudden pain, like a very deep pin prick," you say. "But it's all gone now. My, that was strange!"

2. In a minute or so, the same thing.

Only this time in your leg. Then, one right after another, the same thing occurs again and again in other parts of your body.

3. Gradually, you seem to become numb. Your frantic wife tells you to lie down but it doesn't help. You bounce up and down as these sharp and sudden pains occur.

4. Then it becomes clear to you. "I know—ouch—what it is," you say. "It's voodoo—oocoo—that's what it is. Eek! I made enemies with a—ouch—voodoo high priest when I was in the Navy—gasp—and he said he'd get even, I bet he's—wow—made a doll and he's voodooring me."

5. Quite suddenly you jump up and rush to get your hat and coat.

6. "Where are you going?" your wife says.

7. "I'm going to get relief. I just—ouch—remembered. The only thing to do when you're cursed like this is to go out to the ocean and throw three—gasp—dead rats and a thimble full of spider dust into the water. I have to go get some rats and spider dust."

8. Ten minutes later, you telephone home. "Got the rats," you say, "but they're all out of—eek—spider dust. I'll have to go to the factory. I should be home by—wow—midnight. Don't wait up."

9. Midnight you come home, all cured. All the foregoing has been about getting out of the house. There is more to infidelity than that.

The mental attitude AFTERWARDS is vital. Some of the true geniuses in this field insist, indeed, that your actions afterwards are even more important than those before. Never, under any circumstances, come back with a gift for your wife. There is nothing that is so sure to give you away, unless it be some lipstick on the tip of your nose.

The best thing to do is to come home surly. Snap at your wife. Bark at the kids. Growl at the pussy-cat. When you're so mean and miserable, nobody would ever think that you've been having yourself a ball. It's only when you're happy and sweet that perhaps your wife may suspect something's amiss, or a mistress.

Equally important is the fine art of disguise. Bartenders and movie ushers and waitresses and suchlike are very fond of coming up and saying, "Good evening, Mr. Smith, how's the wife?" Don't let anybody tell you that bartenders are good listeners; they talk too much.

So one has to make sure one is unserved. The best laid plans—the perfect excuse and the prepared exit—will come to naught if your wife's best friend sees you hand-in-hand with another woman.

Perhaps the perfect disguise is not to be seen. Take a bus—never drive your own car—and sit in the back behind a newspaper. When you get off, walk in the shadows. Go up a back way, or go in a window, or climb down a chimney—but never get involved with doormen or elevator operators or boarding house owners. And, if possible, don't go out again—bring your own booze and glasses and ice-cubes (in a fiberglass-insulated pocket of your suit; see what we mean by preparation?) and cold cuts and mustard. Stay there, if you can get away with it.

If the blonde insists on stepping out, take the train to another city. Or go by cab to some nightspot far away from your own section of town. If you know a guy with a rocket to the moon, hop on.

When you get there, tell the head-waiter (\$5 will do) that you know a guy little table about half-way between the bass drum and Spokane, Wash. Sit with your back to the most people. Order one, maybe two drinks. Do not get plastered because everybody notices a drunk. And there's bound to be somebody there you know, or somebody who knows you.

Dance as little as possible, and, when you do dance, don't show off your terrific mambo. Stay in the center of the floor, camouflaged by people.

Don't tip too little or too much. Don't make a scene. Don't order anything fancy or anything too plain. Be an average guy. Average guys never get anywhere in the world, but they never get noticed, either.

When you leave, don't pinch the hat-check girl. Save that for another day.

Don't make a pass at another girl, or get in a fight, or wreck the car, or spill a drink down the chick's dress to see if the ice cubes melt, or argue about the check, or forget your wallet—don't do anything at all that's out of the ordinary.

Just be an average, run-of-the-mill, unfaithful husband. Then you're merely one among thousands and you'll have no trouble. Live it up.



JEM DANDY SAYS

"You can't drown your sorrows, but you can teach some of them to swim."

RED HOT

COLLATERAL

(Continued from page 32)

"Wait." And as Louis turned, the other drummed his desk top with his fingers. "I have," he said, "noticed your wife on numerous occasions. She is indeed a handsome woman."

"Yes, yes," returned Louis impatiently. "But now I will go—and I don't blame you for turning me down. After all, with no collateral—"

Sevigne waved a languid hand. "But sit down again, my friend. You know—" a pause, "—I am a bachelor. I have long felt the need for a—er—housekeeper. One who would live on the premises." His eyes fairly bored into those of Louis Chalfoux.

Louis, at first uncomprehending, now stared. He swallowed hard, not sure whether to be offended or happy at this stroke of chance. "But," he gasped, "for a man to pawn his wife. Surely you are jesting!"

"Not at all. I am deadly serious. You need \$20,000; I need collateral; you have only your wife to offer. Well, I accept. And it is good for both of us, since we may assume that you will make every effort to redeem the collateral as soon as possible."

There was a short period of dickering—simply to save Louis' face. And then the bargain was struck: Louis Chalfoux pawned his wife, Evelyn, for the sum of \$20,000. All without Evelyn's knowledge.

Strangely enough—or perhaps under-

standably enough—Evelyn made no fuss about the matter. Being a dutiful wife and interested in her husband's welfare, she obediently went to live with the wealthy Guy Sevigne.

As in a typical de Maupassant tale, there was to be an ironic twist at the end. Louis Chalfoux had anticipated that, with the borrowed money, he not only would be able to rise above his financial difficulties, but within a few months would be prospering again, enabling him to repay the loan and reclaim his wife.

But it was not to be. Louis found himself facing an uphill struggle. Every penny he made cost gallons of sweat. Twenty thousand dollars constituted a lot of pennies. . . . It took him fourteen years to accrue it all. The one thing in his favor is the fact that he did, finally, amass the entire amount and, one day, went to keep his end of the bargain.

Guy de Sevigne himself answered the door. "I have come to pay you what I owe," said Louis grandly, "—and to take back my wife."

Sevigne seemed quite taken aback. Obviously, after the first few years, he had assumed that Louis would never show up. Even more obviously, he wished that Louis hadn't. "But," he said, "I don't want the money. You see, I have become used to the, ah, arrangement. I like things as they are."

"And so do I." It was Evelyn Chalfoux who came from the shadows behind

Sevigne and placed her hand on his shoulder, fondly. She eyed her husband coolly. "I like things as they are so well that I have made my choice—long ago. I am not going back with you."

"But," Louis fumed, "you are my wife! I can make you come back!"

"Try it," said Sevigne and his mistress in the same breath, and smiled lovingly at one another.

Louis tried. He took the case to court, demanding that Sevigne accept the money and return him his wife, as per agreement. The affair caused quite a stir.

But—the French are incurable romanticists, even the judges. It was unofficially decreed that Louis was a bit of a bouncer—to say the least—for resorting to such a bargain in the first place. After all, a man who would give up his wife, temporarily or permanently, for thirty pieces of silver, or even thirty thousand, didn't deserve her.

Officially, Louis couldn't have her anyway. The customary seven-year redemption time-limit had run out, so that legally Sevigne could not be compelled to return the "pawn."

So everything turned out all right for everybody—even poor Louis. Think what hell Evelyn could have put him through for the rest of his life, reminding him how much more satisfactory her life had been with the pawnbroker. ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥



"Well all right, if you really think that is what I'm best known for!"



AROUND THE WORLDS BROTHELS

(Continued from page 41)

It was wide open, everything went and the sky was the limit. Prisco was a gay but not a wicked town—far from it. I arrived there just in time to take in the earthquake. This is how it came about. I was stage manager for the great Sarah Bernhardt, and was sent ahead of the company to Prisco to prepare everything for her arrival which was to be a big affair. The Shubert Bros., our managers, had just bought the Majestic Theatre, incidentally one of the first buildings to be destroyed by the quake. The Metropolitan Opera Company, including Enrico Caruso, was there during the earthquake. By some sort of miracle none was killed, but the Company lost price-less instruments. A few days later, Barnum and Bailey's Big Top, which we had been using to play one night stands in Texas, arrived. It was pitched in Golden Gate Park, and housed and fed hundreds of homeless families.

Brothels, gambling houses, mysterious Chinatown, all were destroyed by the earthquake and fire, but the spirit of the people remained indomitable. I saw a man who had saved a keg of beer from his saloon. He was sitting astride the barrel in the center of what had been Market Street, and written across it in large chalk letters: "What do we care about earthquakes—not a damn. Beer 5 cents a glass!" He served it to anyone who came along whether they had five cents or not.

Two days later I saw three trainloads of women, all prostitutes, heading for Butte, Montana, then, one of the richest copper towns in the world. I was seventeen years old, world's youngest stage manager to the world's greatest star. Here I go giving my age away.

New Orleans was second only to San Francisco for gaiety and fun, but unlike the Western City, it was more Latin in character. And of course, there was always the unrivaled Mardi Gras. New Orleans threw the key away in the Gulf of Mexico, like Chicago tossed it in Lake Michigan and San Francisco chucked it in the Pacific Ocean, so the fun went on around the clock.

Women of all nationalities held sway, but they were restricted to one special quarter of the city and never interfered with those who didn't wish to have anything to do with them. The flower of the

South lived close to vice, each minded his or her own business and the city flourished as it has ever since.

The most notorious brothel was Lulu White's White House, as it was called. Lulu originated the dollar drink. A drink of whiskey cost a dollar. If your party was two, three or more and you ordered three whiskeys, the price was still a dollar—not each, but for the entire party. A glass of beer, wine, ginger ale, or just plain water—tab one dollar. She made a fortune with the idea.

If it happened to be your first visit, a young girl looked you over when you came in and sang a song in your native tongue. If she guessed wrong—drinks on the house for as long as you cared to stay. Unless you had been tipped off about the place and its business, you could spend an evening laughing, drinking, dancing and come away convinced that it was just a nice, lively night spot!

I believe that Lulu White was the original "Diamond Lil." Anyway she always appeared in a blaze of diamonds, and they were not paste either. She wore diamond rings on all her fingers, a diamond tiara atop her blonde hair; diamond bracelets on both arms up to the elbows, a diamond necklace around her throat and diamond brooches wherever space permitted. Even her shoes were diamond studded and as she invariably dressed all in white, when she made her entrance with spot lights focused on her and the rest of the place in darkness, she was something to see! She had no bodyguards, no detectives or private eyes around to protect her jewels; somehow I believe jewel thieves would have thought it sacrilegious to steal her baubles.

For sheer hypocrisy, London topped all other cities. Street walkers everywhere—Piccadilly Circus, Leicester Square, Shaftsbury Avenue, Haymarket, Regent Street, even in places away from the main stem like Shepherd's Bush, Hammersmith etc. Soho, of course, was the functional point from which all street walkers emanated. The majority of these women were foreigners. It was common knowledge, that after four or five years in London, a good many returned home with substantial sums of money, for that famous "dot" without which marriage on the Continent is practically impos-

sible. They chose their future husbands with extreme care. You can imagine they knew something about men! Posing as widows whose late "husbands" left them some money, the future bridegroom had to match the amount of the "dot" which then was well protected in the form of a joint account requiring the signatures of both husband and wife. Most married farmers, but if the "dot" was important, others often married professional men. Their husbands, naturally, didn't know anything of their past lives, but one thing sure, they didn't have to worry about their wives running around or being untrue to them. And so they lived happily ever after.

There were two famous Music Halls in London then, the Empire and the Alhambra, diagonally across from Leicester Square. Each resembled the other inside. Back of the orchestra seats, was a large space extending from wall to wall with a bar at each end known as the Promenade, also a few tables in cozy dimly lit nooks. Along about nine o'clock when the show was in full swing came the "ladies." Very high-class, what we would now designate as "call girls." All had little discs made of ivory for which they paid the management of the Empire and Alhambra £156 each, per year, or about \$800. That was their price of admission. Certain rules were laid down by the management and strictly enforced. Infractions meant revocation of the discs, a major disaster in their business. The most important rules were: strict sobriety, no accosting of men unless men did the accosting first. However, the "ladies" were allowed to wink, smile and display their charms—within reason. Once they left the Music Hall with a customer, or because business was slack and wished to see how things were in the other Music Hall, they could not return that night under any pretext.

If no business resulted at the Empire or Alhambra, they adjourned to the Cafe de l'Europe, a block away from the Empire. It was famous, and a lot of fun could be had there. The Cafe had its rules too. The "ladies" sat at a table but couldn't go to another unless invited by a man, then it was all right.

The most shameful of all brothels, if such it could be called, was situated in the heart of the South American jungle. Located along the Verde River, it was operated by the largest group of international cut-throats gathered in one spot at one time. They plied their nefarious trade at will for more than twenty-five years and were never apprehended. They conceived the idea when they realized other things in the jungle were more valuable than rubber or gold, namely—slavery.

At first they were satisfied to capture natives and sell them. They fetched good prices and that started it. They began with a few women whose job was to breed children. After breeding one or two, the mothers were sold while still young, and other women were added to the colossal harem. At one time it is said they had more than a thousand women in the vast incubator, so that each year they had a "coming of age" crop ready for the

slave market.

Many of you, I am sure, have seen in Carnivals or Country Fairs, a popular side show, consisting of a circular, highly polished floor on which boys and girls sit. The electric current is turned on and as the speed increases they are tossed in every whichway against the padded sides.

In Port Said, where it originated, and is called the "Wheel of Joy," the procedure isn't exactly the same. Stationary seats arranged in tiers cover the entire inside space. They are for the "lookers," mostly tourists, who pay a nominal sum to watch the fun but do not participate in the game. The way it's done East of Suez, is by placing a chair firmly screwed in the center of the revolving floor. On it sits a woman totally nude. She is the "prize," as well as champagne on the house, to the one who can touch the chair while the floor is in motion. If more than one man touches it, there is no difficulty in providing a second "prize." However, this hardly ever happens. The only rule to the game is that participants must wear sneakers or be shoeless. But no hobnailed boots, no spikes. As most of the customers are lascar, kanakas, Chinese, and so forth, the shoeless form is the one preferred. When players get too close to the chair, the house, to "protect its interests," accelerates the speed by turning on more juice. Then, watch the wheel make a clean sweep of everyone on it. The "Wheel of Joy" has made fortunes for its owners in the East.

In the Orient, prostitution and brothels do not pose a problem. They have "quarters" or "red light districts" and are content to let the insoluble question take care of itself, best way it can.

When reformers turned their big guns on Paris, Parisians raised their eyebrows ever so slightly, hoping it would at least be good for a few laughs. The torch which was to eliminate vice and place virtue on a pedestal, was carried by Marthe Richard, 62 years old, member of the French underground in wars One and Two. In a country where the law of concubines prevails, which means a man co-habiting with a woman without benefit of clergy, and he dies before the concubine, she is entitled to share in his estate as if she had been legally married. Cases like that have been tested in French courts time and again resulting, nearly always, in verdicts favoring the concubine. How could Marthe Richard or anyone else, in a country so expandable in its ideas where morality began and where it ended, hope to close its brothels? As might be expected no one paid much attention to the lady's efforts, at first, but in the meantime she wrote a book, "My Life as a Spy" and so kept the machinery of publicity churning in support of her crusade with admitted success.

Few people with a set idea or purpose seldom balance the good with the bad which may result from their efforts. When moral reforms are afoot, the first to suffer are prostitutes. Nobody cares what happens to them, in fact another kick, when they are down and out, seems to be in order. Unbelievable but true,

Marthe Richard succeeded in closing Parisian brothels! She also succeeded in scattering thousands of hapless women on the streets and back alley of Paris with the spread of venereal diseases soaring to alarming heights.

Frenchmen, shocked at the turn of events, clamored for the return of license places such as Le Poulailleur-La Peau-Rèves de Nuits-L'Elysian, too many to mention. Even Marthe didn't relish the turn of events. She placed the responsibility for the plight of prostitutes squarely on the shoulders of legislators, and said if they had provided social security for them, they wouldn't find themselves in the present dilemma. That was the laugh which gay Parisians hoped Marthe Richard's reforms would bring about.

They pictured prostitutes under social security reporting to their local boards and having to answer questions like this: "Have you made any effort to find work?"

"Have you prospects in mind?"

"Will you take a part time job?"

"Will you take a night job?"

Members of the social security board, knowing their profession, would have

had to have them arrested if they answered truthfully, or stopped their benefits under social security law, if they lied. Nice state of affairs.

But Paris was not done with Marthe Richard. An enterprising newspaper delved into her past; established from her book, "My Life as a Spy," that in 1915 she had an affair with a German officer. Indignantly she protested she gave herself to this man to obtain valuable information favorable to France and hers was an act of the highest form of patriotism. So she sued the newspaper. Technically she won her case and was awarded \$130—a far cry from the million francs she was claiming.

Reformers and crusaders are here to stay and so is prostitution, one way and another. The world's oldest profession has been with us since the dawn of civilization, it has been knocked silly with reforms but still survives. Perhaps, future reformers may have a better chance of success if they start from the standpoint that:

"For a man he must go with a woman, which women don't understand..."



NO CHOICE

(Continued from page 13)



That's when my mood changed. It's always that way. One minute I think maybe I've got ice water in my veins—and the next minute it turns to steam. I looked back at her without answering and she sensed it right away. I don't suppose it would take a mind reader.

Now she smiled and some of the stiffness was gone. "I've got a car outside and three days off. Get a bottle of C. C. and—let's move."

We moved. We moved fast from then on. It was a two hours' drive to the Shore. She knew a place, something left over from Heaven, with a wide beach and high dunes at our back. No cabanas or tourist traps for miles. We changed in the car, a sedan, she in the front seat and me in the back. I can't say she was the pradiest type, either, even in the beginning. As she pulled a tight white suit up over her beautifully shaped thighs, she glanced back over the seat to make sure I was watching. Then she gave me the three-quarter view, twisting and squirming, forcing the tight suit up past her flat little belly and finally, triumphantly, onto the sharply jutting breasts.

It was an hour later and the long swim was finished. For some reason we had tacitly agreed to build the thing up—keep apart as long as possible. We knew it would be better that way, when we could stand it no longer. At last, as though at a signal, she stroked over to me and trod water. There was no mistaking the meaning in her eyes. "I'm a little tired," she said huskily, "—make like a life guard." She threw her head back and floated, quietly waiting.

I made like a life guard. I swam up to and over her until our faces were close together and our bodies clung. I could feel her over-firm breasts pressing against me. As I moved my legs and arms sinuously over hers, swimming for both of us, I think I began to go slowly mad. It seemed to take hours to make the beach.

Together, we struggled ashore, hand in hand. A quick look in all directions proved that no one was within miles of the place. By now the first stars were coming out on the heels of the sun, and an early moon was heaving up above the horizon. Up the beach we walked, faster and faster, to where we had had lunch on the blanket. As we sank to our knees, she peeled off her wet suit. It came off a lot faster than it had gone on. Then she helped me with mine. I watched the

rising moonbeams play on her soft white body, sending vagrant shadows dancing between her upswep breasts. She smiled up at me, then drew me down toward her. Her voice was unrecognizable as she whispered huskily, "Let me. Let me."

We melted into each other's arms. Her lips met mine with an almost startling force, as her skillfully darting fingers flew up and down my back. Tongues of fire coursed through my limbs, making them weak, even though I was much stronger than she. Her animal vitality seemed to suck all strength from me as she draped her body around mine until we became a single mass of quivering white flesh, pulsating in unison, pushing, retreating. Short ecstatic little cries escaped her lips, heightening my own passion until it drove all else from our world.

Too exhausted even to speak, we lay in each other's arms till the sky turned grey. It was the false dawn of approaching day. Through the night I had been doing a lot of thinking.

As we lay there, she all unsuspecting, I stroked her soft white neck gently, so gently. Then, with a convulsive movement of my fingers, I squeezed hard. After a while she stopped struggling and was still. Because, even though I am rarely the aggressor in these affairs, I am usually the stronger.

I had to kill her, you know. If I hadn't, my husband might have found out.



The gentlemanly rabbit was acquainting his son with the facts of life. As he concluded, he told the young rabbit: "Remember, son, that you are a Frenchman and always gallant. At the finish do not be boorish like a German and shove the girl aside. And do not be cold and distant like an Englishman. Be a true Frenchman and always remember to thank the object of your affections most gallantly." The young rabbit nodded understanding and his father took him out in a field where he had lined up a dozen or so attractive young female rabbits. "Now, let us see how you perform," the father rabbit ordered.

The son started in, most rapidly—in true rabbit fashion—and as he finished with each of his "trial horses" he said: "Merci, Mademoiselle; Merci, Mademoiselle; Merci, Mademoiselle; Pardon, Papa; Merci, Mademoiselle."

HERMAN

THE STUD

(Continued from page 9)

been flacking for, but dolls nevertheless.

I didn't see Herman.

Back east, I stayed pretty much away from what the colony likes to call the industry. But here and there I picked up a stray morsel about Joe, and from what I heard he had it made.

It wasn't Joe Lithgow, flunky, any more. It was Joseph Verbank Lithgow, producer. I saw a few pictures of him in the trade papers, and he'd thrown away the necktie and the cigarettes for wild ascot scarves and a cigar as big as the mizzen boom on Bogie's yawl. There was a moustache that he must have hired Mae West's hairdresser to keep pruned.

In a fanny-bussing society that had suddenly discovered croquet (and played it like the siege of Stalingrad) Joseph Verbank Lithgow went them one better. He devised a version of back-lawn shuffleboard that could put you in a traction splint if you let your mind wander long enough to look at Betty Grable's left leg.

It couldn't have been the movies he was making that had shot Joe up into this cinematic stratosphere. If he'd been making such methalls when he was plain Joe Lithgow, he'd have been stripped of his dark glasses and hand-made shoes and cashiered. But when a Joseph Verbank Lithgow production splattered on the box office linoleum, the colony went into mourning for a public that didn't appreciate the artistic impact.

Apparently Joe had an impact, all right. I started asking around in the eastern outposts and the colt had sure enough become a stallion. The stallion, if you believed what you heard.

Once I ran into an exiled colonist named Max, a pretty fair actor who had enjoyed a fabulous reputation for his after-dark skills.

"A spectacle," he told me sourly. "A man doesn't have a chance in that league. That Lithgow's no man. He's a bull. Every night. And not the fall-easy girls, either. Name any of them, the young and the old, the short and the tall, the cold and the hot. They're all hanging around him like virgins who just discovered what it's all about."

Max ordered another Bloody Mary with an egg in it.

"God knows," he moaned, "I tried. But that . . . that . . ." He finally found an adjective generic to the colony that embraces the whole repertoire of amorous power. "Every night," he said again. "And every morning he'd be at the studio, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. . ."

Just when it was they pulled the sheets out from under Joe I'm not sure. I had been away from the listening posts for a while, and then I began noticing there were no more pictures in the trade press of Joe playing shuffleboard or Joe car-

ing his way through a wall of female flesh at the Derby and no more of those epics with Joseph Verbank Lithgow's name spread across the wide, wide screen like sky-writing.

I tried to hunt up Max but he had gone back to the colony to try his muscles again. Then people began talking about a fantastic new comedian, Herman Herman, he was called. I was almost afraid to look. But I did, and it sure enough was the little pigeon-chested character I had met with Joe. On the screen, he seemed to have shriveled up some since I had seen him in that L. A. saloon, and he still mumbled. But every time he mumbled the boffolas shook the popcorn out of the balcony.

What nearly shook me out of the balcony was Herman's straight man. It was Max. And Max looked happy.

I got back to the Coast this spring for a visit, and Joe Lithgow had disappeared as completely as if he'd never existed. I tried to get next to Herman, but Herman was doing his mumbling to a casting-couch assortment of bosoms and I couldn't run the interference.

So I went tracking for Max. I finally cornered him at breakfast one afternoon. He looked as smug as a tom cat at dawn, and just about as exhausted. When he found out I was flying blind on the colony's new royalty he swatted off a couple of early-rising red-heads, genuine-type, and a blonde who wasn't and hustled me to a quiet corner of the Beverly-Wilshire men's bar.

The Bloody Mary had two eggs in it this time. Max took a gulp and poked me in the wish bone.

"That Lithgow," he chorled. "Did I say it was a spectacle? Joe Junior, I had no idea what a spectacle it really was. There I was back east, mucking around in TV and trying to build up a new rep, although I must admit it was mostly with dancing girls. So the program goes to the Coast for a couple of weeks and my part's written in for the trip, and I aviate with it."

I didn't have to prompt. Max was so pleased with the story that the Bloody Mary didn't even need a transfusion.

"Naturally," he went on. "I thought I'd look up Joe. Not a chance. Somebody tipped me if I can get to this character Herman, who is strictly a blank to me at the time. I can maybe get to Joe. And are the fates kind to me? Indeed they are. For when I got to Herman, he was lower than a dropped option. Later I found that Herman doesn't drink—and I can understand why—but at the moment he was snuffing it up like mother's milk."

"I encouraged him a bit, and one thing led to another, and jigger by jigger I got the whole story. Herman was Joe's stand-in. Not at the studio, of course. You don't need a stand-in to produce the smellers Joe was making."

"Maybe it would be better to call Herman a lie-in. Joe wasn't anything at all. But Herman was—and is. Don't let that runty little character fool you. He's got it where it counts. Naturally nobody knew that to begin with and he couldn't get a tumble from a Presley-smoking bobby



"Oh, come now, Myrtle!"

soxer until, somehow or other, Joe ran across him in a men's room.

"Well, they worked up a hell of an act, I must say. Joe would get a girl heated up—he pulled every trick in the script. And then he'd yank her into the nearest bedroom. When they came out—and it was no bam-bam-thank-you-ma'm, either—the girl looked as sharp as a wet noodle, but happy. And Joe? He just started pawing around for another."

"Naturally, word of this spread around among the girls and the girls were knocking their other partners, and Joe was riding the waves and I am not punning. The fact that Joe always turned out the lights the minute he shut the bedroom door also spread around, and it got so everybody was doing it in the dark."

"But nobody tumbled to the reason until Herman got bottled and spilled everything to me. Now, when Herman told me his story I naturally wanted to put it in lights because I was doing pretty well until Joe came along. With my sense of the dramatic, of course, ordinary exposure wouldn't do. Even Polly Larson was proud of the way I handled it, although she couldn't say so in the papers."

"What I did was to pick a night when one of our top queens was gunning for a sample of Joe's technique. You know her; the public thinks she's probably too pure to sleep in the same room with her husband, but she was sure giving Joe the office. Everybody at the party noticed it."

"Sure enough, in a little while they disappeared. And what did I do? Three minutes later I whispered to everybody else to follow me and tip-toed to the bedroom door. I got the lights on while the door was still swinging open. Junior, there has never been such a finale anywhere."

"Joe was sitting in a chair with his

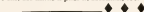
clothes on. It was just as if the projector had stopped and he was frozen on the screen picking his teeth. And tumbling on the bed with the queen, who by now was oblivious to anything else, was Herman."

"Ah, that Herman! Man! Nobody saw Joe from that moment on. But Herman and I . . . well, we're what you might call partners, on and off screen. I suppose you could say I got the secondary parts but it's, ah, delightful."

Max smiled benignly and drained his glass.

"I must admit," I said, "that the finish was a smasher, Max. But I can't understand what could have made Herman spill the original switch-to-you."

"Oh, that," mused Max into his empty glass. "Herman was perfectly happy with the arrangement until Joe tried to go too far. He made a pass at Herman, too."



The elderly gentleman had his three husky sons in court, seeking support from one or all of them. The first son pleaded that his business had been bad, he owed back income taxes and was making large payments on a house. The second son said he couldn't contribute to his father's support because he had a sick wife and an ailing daughter. The third son vowed he could do nothing for his father as he had been laid off from work.

"I don't see what I can do for you," the judge told the father. "You have heard what your sons have said."

"Oh, I guess I shouldn't feel too badly about it, your honor, because you see their mother and I were never legally married."

"What?" screamed the three sons in unison. "You mean we're bastards?"

"Yes," replied the father calmly, "and cheap ones, too."

YOU HAVE TO HORSEWHIP YOUR WIFE!

(Continued from page 14)



enough to endanger a woman's life. A wallop across the rump of an undeniably adulterous wife does not endanger her life. A man may slap his wife as hard as he wants to, or whip her, if he doesn't inflict serious injury. If more unfaithful wives were shellacked there would be much less shacking!"

This tasty morsel of legality stirred up a lather of horsewhipping research. Let me tell you, boys, the news is good!

Dames cannot only be horsewhipped, but you'll find the law and even the church backing you up on pasting milady's backside. Just listen to this. Or these, rather:

Item: On June 12, 1954, a London magistrate ruled that an Englishman could horsewhip his wife, providing that the whip is "no thicker than a man's little finger."

Item: On December 6, 1954, India's Parliament passed a bill legalizing the whipping of two-timing wives and all females "wifely entering compulsory prostitution" . . . which is another way of saying that the only way a woman is forced into the life of a floozie is by forcing herself.

Item: In the spring of 1950, when the sap was running in the shillelagh, a Dublin judge advocated the horsewhipping of errant wives. Said he, logically, "A woman's skin is no tenderer than a man's."

Item: In Richmond, Va., July, 1955, a magistrate dismissed a horsewhipping complaint brought against the man who said he whipped her because she wouldn't kiss him until he, first, kissed her French poodle. "The damned dog has asthma!" shouted the distraught defendant.

Item: The pastor of a Baptist church in southern Georgia appeared as a complainant in court, but a baffling one for the judge. The good deacon said, standing next to the bruised side of a woman accusing her husband of horsewhipping her with the arm of a horsehair sofa. "Judge, I am in favor of whipping this adulterous female, but I still wish to complain against the husband who whipped her. He only whipped her a little, judge!" The judge dismissed the case.

Item: In Detroit last year, a pixy-

minded magistrate behaved thus: He sentenced a boilermaker for the sixth time for beating up his spouse and when he asked the defendant—socked with a 30 day sentence—if he had anything to say, the defendant answered, "This means I won't be able to pound her fanny again until September 20th." The judge cut 10 days off the sentence.

But enough of research. Let me get down to the psychological goose pimples. What's the sense of allowing some woman to drive you to drink or dyspepsia, when you can beat the stuffing out of her?

Why find escape in orange gin, thirty-six holes of golf, or divorce? A horsewhip is cheaper—and you can still have her.

We now proceed to make sense out of horsewhipping a woman who deserves it. The curse she inflicts on us generally falls under these headings, Nagging, Prevarication, Changeable Moods, Unreliability (i.e., "shacking"), and Trying-to-Take-Over.

If you will kindly hold the orange gin bottle steady, I'll pull the cork with my own store teeth and get on to the first:

NAGGING

This one seems to top the list. Spouts one of the sufferers: "My wife is a sweetheart except for one gimmick—she nags. She can't do it all the time, naturally, because it takes most women a couple of days to dream up something to nag about. I figure I got it every other day—until I tried the whip. Now she takes seven days to work up a good nagging subject."

"The longest assault I can remember lasted from a Thursday night, when she accused me of not fixing the stopper in the toilet bowl, until the following Wednesday afternoon when I left the office early to do the job. Thus I gave up an opportunity to go out with that office brunette, the nice one with the braces on her teeth."

My friend, Bernie, says he cured his spouse of what he calls the "roundabout nag" by buying a small horsewhip and installing it, without comment, in the umbrella stand. The roundabout nag goes like this:

If she wants you to clean out the cellar, she will say that winter is just around the corner and she wishes she had the room to store four trunks, a baby car-

riage and her mother's 1912 sewing machine. She repeats this wish in the morning, at supper and going to bed at night. She never mentions outright the place where this room ought to be found. But you know. (Fifteen lashes.)

PREVARICATION

This disorder is a close relative of nagging. But it has subtle differences. Very often it is the nagging approach with a goddam lie tacked on the end. Here's a sample which probably could be remedied by massaging the rump with a No. 6 bullwhip:

You come home and tell her the slightly off-color joke the Boss made a special trip into your cubby-hole to relate. "It's the farmer's daughter story in reverse," you chortle. "The traveling saleslady, instead of the salesman, comes to the farmer's door and says she has no place to sleep for the night. So the farmer tells her if she really wants to stay she'll have to share the bedroom with, not the farmer's daughter, but the farmer's son. Get it?"

"Hah! Hah!" she yells. "Isn't that a cute story?"

"Wait a second!" you bellow. "This is the start of the story." But she goes right on laughing while you rush on to the real juicy details with the final smasheroo where the farmer's son is standing out in the fields two weeks later and says to the old man. . . .

Right there she stops laughing. "I just don't get it," she says. But you know she gets it. This is the ingenious covering up of ignorance on a sexy subject which she knows all about. Why, damn it, only last Tuesday night in bed. . . . (Six and one-half lashes.)

CHANGEABLE MOODS

Women, it says here in the Kinsey How-to-do-it book, tend to be moody. Hundreds of guys tell the familiar and dimmal yarn about they never know how the wife will be when they get home from the office. If she has had trouble with the milkman, or if the roast pork burned, no loving tonight. Or maybe you come home and you find her gay, complacent and w-a-r-m. Boy, this is it. And then she spots the package under my arm, which actually contains a sizzling negligee you bought for the occasion, and then you hear her bark, "So you're going down the cellar again tonight and build another one of those Chinese lanterns!" All this before you have a chance to kiss her or open your mouth. The cure? Come home some night with a long, thin box. "Oh, flowers!" she cries. Nope, a 12-gauge folding horsewhip.

UNRELIABILITY

Does this really need explaining, Buster? And we're not referring to her over-drawing at the bank, buying needless clothes, running up a charge account. We're reminding you of what the Hon. Shamus said at the beginning of this piece.

TRYING-TO-TAKE-OVER

Dames like to keep what they have, and this covers a lot of territory—from holding on to their men and their other men to love letters, old soap coupons,

or grandfathers' chamber pot. How do you know when she's trying to take-over? Listen to the famous psychiatrist, Dr. Louis Bisch:

"By possessiveness I mean the woman's holding on in an exaggerated way—not giving the husband freedom enough; calling him up during business hours, asking him to report with whom he ate lunch, even *what* he ate.

"Women, of course, are in competition with other women. They fear growing older and losing their attractiveness. They know for a fact that the male is by instinct a philandering animal and therefore cannot be entirely trusted."

Now, doc, wait a minute. While your explanation does a good job on shaking the clinkers out of the psychiatric furnace, there's a couple of hot coals you've overlooked. That's why we're all for this pro-horsewhipping legislation. Most dames, if they want to, can make themselves mighty disagreeable.

They can do this to other females as well as to men, but it's the men who scream louder. Know why? Because dames understand other dames and do not take their contrary ways too seriously.

But why should the average male get into a mental sweat trying to figure this out?

If you feel the blood of your cave-man progenitors rising in you, and you are moved to give her a snap of the whip, do it.

If you are jealous of your wife's carryings on with other men, and you believe that a good way to cure her of such faithless habits is to give her a nice, old-fashioned shellacking, do it with No. 17-B Junior Horsewhip, with exclusive tassel-tip.

It's not a case of whether horsewhipping is legal; it's just more or less a husband's marital duty.

As for me, I've just received a fresh shipment of No. 17-B. Right now I'm all out of stove handles.



The small town druggist had to be absent from his shop for a few hours, so he left his soda jerk in charge.

"Business has been bad lately, so try not to let anyone out of the store without selling them something," he instructed the boy.

When the druggist returned, he asked the clerk, "Did you have any business?"

"One fellow," answered the boy, "He had a bad cough, but I fixed him up."

"What did you give him?" asked the druggist.

"Half a bottle of castor oil," the clerk told him.

"Migawd! Castor oil won't cure a cough."

"The hell it won't!" said the clerk.

"Look at the fellow. He's still standing out there on the corner. And he don't dare cough!"



This is Keith Bernard, of Bernard of Hollywood, who is responsible for most of our lovely pictures of lovely ladies. The girl is just one of his models.



DIAMOND DUST

(Continued from page 4)

Closer inspection of the old place showed that it was well constructed, in fairly good condition and was literally reeking with that currently most desirable asset—charm.

There was one drawback, however. The place had no plumbing. But the out-houses were lovely. They were even equipped with venetian blinds!

Not because of the lack of plumbing, but on account of a roadside stand he would have to pass every day in commuting, our young man decided against buying the old place. The roadside stand, which sold those tasty Italian tomato pies, was topped by a circular tower that might have been executed by Michelangelo. And it bore signs proclaiming the emporium The Tower of Pizzas.

That was more than our bright young executive felt he could take ten trips a week, but we feel the title is a masterpiece and will spread from state to state throughout the country, taking its place with such honored roadside stand designations as Dew Drop Inn, Eats, K-9 House, etc.

Our would-be suburbanite finally settled for a more modest home in a more thickly populated section of suburbia, only to run into another difficulty. The young man has a hobby, which is playing the races. It is his custom to pore over the entries each night, then make several wagers at his bookmaker's before going to bed. In his new community, he quickly discovered a nearby saloon which every instinct told him was prospering not so much from the sale of beverages, but from a profitable bookmaking business.

Try as he might, and he exerted every guile and pressure known to a bright young executive, our man could not persuade the operators of the saloon to even

admit there was such a thing as horse racing, let alone take a bet. They were suspicious of the outlander.

Our man solved the problem in a manner that has made him a bright young executive. He wanted no time with the little fellows, but went right to the Chief of Police in his new community.

"Look here," he told the chief, "I am a reputable young business man, not a cop. I like to make a few bets every day and I've run up against a stone wall here. I can't get a bet down anywhere. Now it's up to you as one of the head men in my community to do something about it."

The chief examined our man's credentials, took him over to the saloon and introduced him to the proprietors and now everybody's happy. Even the chief. His "take" from the bookmaking business has been increased in direct ratio to our man's losses.

Did you hear the one about the mongrel dog that went on a spree? It seems he got a good load on at an Irish saloon on New York's 8th Avenue, not far from Madison Square Garden. Leaving the saloon, he made a wrong turn and wandered into the Garden where a big dog show was underway. He got tangled up



with the contestants—and was awarded a blue ribbon as the best of show.

Elated, our mongrel friend left the Garden and went back to the saloon, where he took on a few more brews. Finally he found his way home, where Mrs. Mongrel was waiting with blood in her eye.

"You should be proud of me," the dog told his wife, "I just won a blue ribbon as the best of show in Madison Square Garden."

"Let's see the ribbon," said Mrs. Mongrel skeptically.

Mr. Mongrel searched frantically, then announced, "I must have left it at the saloon after the show. I'll go right back and get it."

"No you won't," Mrs. Mongrel said emphatically. "I won't have you back there drinking more beer, Junior, you go to the saloon and see if your father really did leave a blue ribbon there."

Junior trotted to the saloon, seated himself on a bar stool and told the man behind the stick, "I want my Pabst Blue Ribbon."

DAFFY DICTIONARY

Neurotic (nu-rot-ik), *n.* A man whose girl friend, wife and note at the bank all are a month overdue.

Going the rounds now in industrial circles is the story of the ambitious office boy who determined to learn everything about the business to impress his boss. One day the boss called him in and said, "Tell the transportation department to book me passage on the Queen Elizabeth, sailing on the 12th."

"I'm sorry, sir," answered the boy, "but the Elizabeth doesn't sail until the 14th."

The boss was duly impressed by the



lad's knowledge.

"I have 700 shares of American Hogwash stock I want to sell. Tell my business manager to let it go for \$167. It closed yesterday at \$165 and I want to sell at a profit."

"You should get at least \$170," the boy told him. "The stock closed at \$168, not \$165, and it has gone up two points already this morning."

"My, you are a smart one," the boss complimented him. "Send in Miss Smith to take some dictation."

"Miss Smith's not here today," the boy told him.

"What's the matter, she sick?"

"No sir, not till the 27th," came the prompt answer.

The young man had entered the United States illegally many years before. Knowledge of his crime did not bother him at all until he became engaged. Then he was torn with the thought that in all fairness to his intended he should tell her that he was a foreigner, and could never become a citizen because of the manner of his coming to this country. But, he reasoned, his bride-to-be might not marry him if she knew the truth, so he held his peace until after the marriage.

On their wedding night, he gathered his bride into his arms and said, "Darling, I have a confession to make. I come from the other side."

"This, I gotta see!" his wife gasped, as she turned on the light.

♣ ♣ ♣





QUIPPING POST

(Continued from page 26)

"I mean has anyone in your family ever been nuts?" her husband stated the question more plainly.

"Of course not," answered the bride indignantly. "What makes you ask that?"

"Well, if you're not nuts, will you tell me why you haven't taken off your hat for three weeks?"

We have just learned that the German word for brassiere is *Holtzumrumpoppinant*.

There is a rumor around Wall Street circles that a big merger is in the offing between General Mills and Budweiser. The united companies, it is said, are going to produce a product called *Pisquick*.

Coy young wife, to her husband who has just caught her in bed with his best friend: "I'll bet you think I'm an awful flirt!"

Same wife, many years later, when her husband walks in to find her in bed with a young lover: "Oh, oh! Here's old blabbermouth. By tomorrow morning this'll be all over town."

As the Italian hangman said to his victim as a last minute reprieve came: "No noose is good noose!"

This same hangman was going to night school to prepare himself for citizenship papers. The teacher was quizzing him on geography.

"Where is Mexico?" she asked.
"Bottoms U. S., teach!" correctly answered the pupil.

"And where is Canada?"
"Uppa U. S., teach!" came the answer.

George and his girl friend were taking a walk through the woods, accompanied by George's dog. After they had gotten about a mile into the woods, the girl suddenly discovered she had no cigarettes. George, being a non-smoker, could not help her.

"I must have cigarettes, so I guess we'll just have to turn around and go back to the nearest store," the girl said.
"That won't be necessary," George



told her. "My dog here is just about the smartest animal in the world. I'll send him back for the smokes."

"You mean he's smart enough to go back and buy a pack of cigarettes?" asked the girl incredulously.

"Sure, as I said, he's just about the smartest animal in the world. I'll show you."

George called the dog over, put a quarter in his mouth and instructed him. "Go back to that store we passed about a mile back and get a pack of Camels and bring them right back to us. You understand?"

The dog nodded his head and started off toward the store at a brisk trot, holding the 25c piece in his teeth. George

and the girl waited and they waited and they waited, but the dog did not return. Finally the girl could stand it no longer.

"I must have a cigarette," she said, so they started walking back towards the store themselves.

George and the girl had not gone more than a quarter of a mile or so when they came upon the dog making furious love to a female dog.

"Huh!" snorted the girl. "So that's your smart dog! Does he do this all the time?"

"I can't understand it," said George. "This has never happened before." Then he brightened. "But then, I guess he's never had 25c before," he added.



BIG BOSOM BOOM

(Continued from page 35)

Russell a star long before she was ever seen on the screen. He hired press agent Russell Birdwell to give Jane the most fabulous build-up in Hollywood history, with the accent on her most prominent attributes, naturally. Miss Russell reached the peaks of success, as it were, with the most popular glands since the invention of the gonads.

Upon viewing the early shootings of his brainchild, Hughes fired the director and took over the directorial chores himself. He also doubled as an inventor, fashioning with his own hands a special brassiere for his leading lady, making doubly sure that both her bosom and the viewers' eyeballs would bulge.

When *The Outlaw* was ready for release, Hughes came to verbal blows with the Hayes Office, then guardian of public morals for the film industry; it refused to bless the expensive western with the Motion Picture Association seal of approval, on the grounds that too much of Miss Russell's anatomy hung out over the first rows of seats.

Hughes, used to getting his way, vowed that his star's standout attractions were not going to be hog-tied by any dictatorial stuffiness. After months of debate and clever stratagems by Hughes, the Hayes Office relented—despite the fact that it had originally ordered 136 cuts—and approved *The Outlaw* for release as filmed. Not because it was a good picture (it stank, actually) but because of its publicity a la Russell, the film made another fortune for Hughes and rocketed Jane to genuine stardom—strictly on the strength of her pectoral development. As for her performance as an actress, it fell as flat as a Dior neckline.

The panic—udderwise known as the Great Teat Race—was on!

Noting the sudden success that had come to Jane by flaunting her overflowing bodice in the public's collective face, many astute showgirls like Dagmar and Faye Emerson went to extreme lengths—and widths—to expose their diaphragms to the camera eye. While this gorge-us exhibition doubtless pleased many viewers, enough family heads protested to attract the attention of the network heads. The various television officials were forced to adopt a TV Code. The Code states in part: "The costuming of all performers shall be within the bounds of propriety, and shall avoid such exposure or such emphasis on anatomical detail as would embarrass or offend home viewers."

Commented one veteran actress pos-

sessed of great histrionic ability but picaresque pectoralis muscles, "These kids can't last. In another year or so they'll be just a mammary."

Many top-heavy girls found that burlesque provided an excellent means of livelihood for their particular "talent." Evelyn West capitalized on the growing bosom craze by insuring her bosom for \$50,000 with Lloyd's of London and then legally changing her name to Evelyn \$50,000 Treasure Chest West. This clever stunt was given much publicity by the press and aided her burlesque career immeasurably.

Another burlesque queen who has carried the burden of mammoth mammaries with no undue strain and with great success is *Tempest Storm*. The quivering Storm bosom has more than compensated for her lack of dancing ability in the eyes of her worshipping fans. *Shockorama*, one of the latest strip films, tries to live up to its title with a climax that shows Tempest diffidently haring her chest for a group of enraptured photographers.

The number of actresses, both American and foreign, who have climbed on

the bosom bandwagon are legion and include such busty beauties as Anita Ekberg, Diana Dors, Joan Collins, Denise Darcel, Martine Carol, Sophia Loren, and Gina Lollobrigida, to mention just a few of the better-known chest champs.

The brassiere industry has profited enormously from the bosom boom by catering to the demand of flat-chested women for counterfeit curves. In 1954, form factories reported sales at an all-time high of \$250,000,000. Some six million pairs of bust pads and bras with stitched-in padding are sold every year! Women can now buy built-in bosoms in wedding gowns, bathing suits and (as you may have found out for yourself) even in nightgowns!

Actress Lauren Bacall feels that women are foolish to wear falsies. She says: "A big bosom is fine if you've got it and providing you have more than just that. But if you don't, why pretend that you do? It's ridiculous. You can't change yourself. So you wear falsies! The bosoms don't belong to you. If you don't be yourself, you wind up being nothing."

A number of women have partially



Diana Dors, England's exportation to America, a leader in the big bosom boom.

followed Miss Bacall's advice and, instead of playing the gay deceiver, have attempted to improve their bustlines by doing-it-themselves. Among the methods tried are the application of ice compresses, massage with cocoa butter, pills to stimulate mammary development, hormone injections, electric vibrators and exercise. Some women simply go on an eating binge in the hope that putting on weight will develop their breasts. But women who try these methods soon discover that their attempts have been in vain.

Doctors agree that such efforts to improve the bustlines do absolutely no good and may do considerable harm. The consensus of medical opinion holds that the most satisfactory methods of increasing bosom beauty lie in weight control, good health and, of prime importance, correct posture which will strengthen the pectoral muscles that support the breasts.

A few women who have an overwhelming desire to exhibit a permanent bigger bust that will pass even the most intimate inspection go to the extreme and submit to plastic surgery to make their bosom dreams come true. The expensive fee (in the vicinity of \$1000 for such an operation) naturally limits the ultimate in bosom aid to only a small segment of the female population. This number is comprised mainly of Hollywood hopefuls (aware of the fact that it is as helpful to have an eye-catching bosom in making the grade in moviedom, as it is to sleep with a producer), established but starting-to-sag actresses, and a few well-heeled matrons desirous of recapturing their youthful appeal.

According to women who have undergone this foolproof breast transformation, the results are simply wonderful. Although most women would not publicly admit that they have resorted to plastic surgery for a rejuvenated frontal superstructure, actress Tallulah Bankhead readily confesses that a plastic surgeon has tampered with her bosom. In fact, it has been reported that the gravel-throated extrovert was so delighted by her "new look" that she proudly showed the tiny scars under her breasts—the only identifying mark of the operation—to curious friends.

Until several years ago, most reputable surgeons were reluctant to perform such plastic surgery. Due to the bosom craze, however, quite a few women suffering from micromastia (undersized breasts) developed serious mental disorders because they felt they could not compete with the more fully endowed members of their sex. Today, cognizant of the remarkable lift it gives a woman's morale to display a full-blown bosom, many surgeons are less reluctant to repair busts that nature has forgotten.

While the nation's bosom craze has contributed immensely to the success of many showgirls and proved a boon to the brassiere industry, the repercussions have not all been on the credit side of the ledger.

Dr. Goodrich C. Schaeffer, Associate Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Oregon,



Sophia Loren, the Italian actress, shows that good legs also go with b.b.'s.

speaking before the Sixth Annual Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology, referred to this "highly dangerous bosom-consciousness." Dr. Schaufert went on to say: "Sex hysteria is instilled in youth by Hollywood influences and the insane emphasis by modern advertising and the press on this semi-respectable sex appendage. The array of bosoms now available to the naked eye is simply appalling."

"Girls scarcely into adolescence already are subject to a bosom inferiority complex and are wearing miniature falsies. As physicians we must under no circumstances disregard the psychic. I may even say psychotic, influence of such matters upon our youngsters. It can easily be serious. Recently in my own practice I have had one attempted suicide and several serious and total mental derangements . . . caused by real or fancied breast irregularities."

Blonde film star Mamie Van Doren (who has no bust problem herself) agrees on this point and adds: "I know a girl who has a beautiful bustline but she has worked herself into a near psycho because she measures only 32 inches. She even resorted to falsies to achieve that perfect 36 measurement. On her it looked grotesque."

The bosom craze has also had a detrimental effect on the nursing habits of American women. Although women have mammary glands for the biological purpose of feeding their offspring in infancy, many mothers seem to have lost sight of this fact and regard their breasts as sexual playthings indicative of their sex potential. According to reliable estimates, about 65 percent of the infants born today are being bottle-fed. By and large, this is because women fear that breast-feeding will damage the size and shapeliness of their bosom.

This idea, of course, is fallacious as Dr. Lewis Jacobs, Attending Pediatrician at Knickerbocker Hospital in New York, points out. Dr. Jacobs says: "When a properly supporting brassiere is used, the contour is preserved and sometimes even improved. Many a flat-chested young mother is highly gratified to find that she needs a larger brassiere after breast feeding."

What is the real reason underlying the big bosom boom? Are women's fashions responsible for it? Is it just natural male admiration for the most distinguishing mark of a female gone overboard?

Psychiatrists do not explain it so simply. Rather, they attach a profound significance to the nation's bosom craze. They point out that the breast is a mother symbol and that the inordinate male interest for the female bosom stems from a subconscious desire to return to the peace and security they experienced as infants at their mother's breast. Psychiatrists believe that this subconscious motivation has expressed itself to an abnormal degree as a natural outgrowth of the tension and insecurity that characterizes the times.

How long the big bosom boom will last is open to conjecture. The interest in bosoms has been steadily increasing ever since the advent of the plunging neckline two decades ago, after women emanci-

pated themselves from the flat, boyish look of the Roaring Twenties.

In the summer of 1954, French designer Christian Dior, quarterback of the fashion world who decreed the New Look eight years ago, attempted to return his designs of feminine apparel to the flat look of the Twenties. His attempt to subordinate and hide natural curves met with violent protest, notably from celebrities who had capitalized on their big bosoms. And from males who enjoyed the capitalization.

Marilyn Monroe expounded some of her famous logic by saying: "I am not built for any kind of boy's fashions, so why should I wear them?"

Dagmar came up with this witty trism: "Frankly, the instrument hasn't been made that can flatten me out."

But the quip that best summed up the universal sentiment regarding Dior's attempt to de-emphasize the bosom came from a girl who said: "Any girl who goes for this flat look should have her chest examined."



What do you mean—you think you're cracking up?"

Joe Moran was taking a physical examination for an insurance policy. When the time came for him to give a specimen, he became so flustered he could not produce.

"Go home, and when you feel like it, put the specimen in a bottle and bring it back to me tomorrow," the doctor told him.

The next day Joe, who was a beer drinker, showed up at the doctor's office, bearing a huge fishbowl, filled to the brim.

"You don't mean to tell me you walked all the way across town with that, do you?" the doctor asked him.

"Nope," replied Joe. "Took a bus."



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